

There's Roger would have me, and calls me his Sweet;
He has got an Estate of ten Shillings a year,
Belives forty good Shillings and she in a Purse,
Therefore don't spoil my Fortune and hinder me thus,
 But be pleas'd to resolve me before I do go,
 Whether you do intend for to have me or no?.

You told me last Easter you'd make me your Bride,
When say new Hugs and Favours I tract this promise,
yet you ne'er came a near me till now Juste the thied;
E're honest Man would be as good as his Willard;
 But I prithee resolve me before I do go,
 Whether you do intend for to have me or no?.

You solemnly swore when I sat on your knee
That youthen had a love and a kindness for me,
And if so, What's the reason I am not your Bride?
Faith these linguering Bargins I neat could abide;
 Let me now be resolved before I do go,
 Whether you do intend for to have me or no?.

'Tis very well known I am just in my Prime,
And to have a kind Husband I think it high time;
If at Michaelmas last he good deed had been done,
I might had before now a young Daughter or Son;
 Pray resolve me this Question before I do go,
 Whether you do intend for to have me or no?.

The Young Man's Answer.

Sweet Nancy, my Promise I do not forget,
But I am not resolv'd to be Marry'd as yet;
The devouring Sword now is reigning you see,
And if I to the Wars should be sort'd from thee;
 Then thy grief, care and sorrow will daily increase,
 Therefore prithee Love stay till a flourishing Peace.

Believe, I swear by the Powers above,
That I never will leave thee for any new Love;
My distress is that thou wile patiently wait,
Till the Land is restor'd to a prosperous State;
 If I live but till then thou shalt be my sweet Bride,
 For I love none in all the whole Nation beside.



Down-Right Dick of the West.

O R. The Plow-Man's Ramble to LONDON,

To see my Lord-Mayor and the rest of the Vine Volk of the City, with what hapned while he there remained.

To the Tune of, *The Country Farmer.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



I pray now attend and give ear to the jest,
A Country-man he came late from the West,
For he had a mind to see my LORD-MAYOR,
And other fine Folk which it seemed liv'd there:
Th' up to the City at length he did range,
Wh're seeing brave gallants in rich golden fringe
But he above all did admire and strange
To see the fine folk at the Royal Exchange.

The Countrey-man amazed did stand,
And looking about with his Whip in his hand,
There came a fine fellow a Don of the town,
And call'd him Bumfkin and country Clown.

And asked him how he dare to presume,
To lag here and loiter, thus fill up the Room,
Amongst these gay Ladies in silk and perfume,
Begone and pack off, or the stocks is your doom.

I pray who are you then the Plow-man reply'd,
That does now so scowfully here me deride,
Fine fellow (said he) seeing you are unkind,
In short I shall tell you a piece of my mind,
I came now to see my Lord-Mayor by a good grace,
I fear not the angry frowns of your face,
As long as I live I will stay in this place,
On your gay Coat I will lay a long lace.

For why said the Plow-man, I care not a figg,
For all your high words, and your looking so big,
This gallant was then in a passion indeed,
And thus in a fury began to proceed,
As making a proffer to give him a kick,
The Plow-man perceiving him just in the nick
He told him his name it was resolute Dick,
Then up with his lash and he gave him a kick.

O then this fine Fellow began so to roar,
Then presently came in twenty and more,
Who asked the Plowman how dare he to do't,
Since he was a Person of worthy repute :
He first did abuse me in calling me clown,
I could not forbear but I gave him a frown ;
Why should those fine fellows run Husband-men
You can't live without us in city or Town. down
Nay plow-man I'de have you well understand,
That we have both Silver and gold at command
Rich chains & choice jewels with dimonds & rings
With plenty of spices and other fine things :
Of many Rich Coffers we carry the keys,
We have such estates that we live at our ease,
We eat & we drinck & we walk where we please.
Then what do you think of such fellows as these.
For all your Rich Jewels you starving may dye,
If we do not bring in a daily supply,
We plow and we Sow, and we harrow & Mow
We have both the Milk and the honey you know,
We ne're are without a good pudding or Sowse
Then what need you Londoners make such a touze,
If we did not labour you could not keep house,
You gallants would soon be as small as a Mouse

Both Linen and woollen what e're we will wear
We have of our own by industrious care,
We daily delight in much pleasure and mirth,
And always receive the first fruits of the earth :
To flout us I think you were something too bold,
You'd starve if you fed upon Silver or Gold,
We have corn, cattle and sheep in our fold,
With rich beans and Bacon eat hold belly bold.

The Londoners presently laughing out right,
For in his discourse they had taken delight,
They said it was true and they did him commend
And thus the whole quarrel was soon at an end :
The Plow-man they freely began to extoll,
He soon got the favour of great men and small,
And thus their debate did immediately fall,
The Plow-man in wit was too hard for them all.

F I N I S.

Printed for T. Neeson at the Angel in Chichester Street.